

# THE Evangelical Episcopalian

*"To Provoke unto Love and to Good Works."*—HEB. x, 24.

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## DOING A GOOD THING IN THE BEST WAY.

RT. REV. CHARLES EDWARD CHENEY, D. D.

There is continual need to emphasize the truth that a good thing is so good that it ought to be done in a good manner. A five-cent piece given to a hungry beggar, may be thrust into his hand with such a modest, gentle and sympathetic action, that it will outweigh a ten-dollar gold piece flung like a bone to a dog. A young man sometimes gives his seat in a street-car to a tired woman, with such a reluctant yielding to the claim of courtesy, evinced in look and manner, as deprives the act of all grace in the giver and all pleasure in the recipient.

Just a word then, in regard to the way in which some other and more important things are done. For example, nothing can be a clearer duty on the part of an earnest Christian than to try to use his intercourse with those who are not Christians, in such a way as to lead them to the Saviour. "Let him that heareth, say come."

But it is no unusual thing for one who has been nerving himself up to the necessary courage for such an act of obedience to the Master to approach one who is not a member of the Church, with an air of such severity of judgment as involves in the mind of him he seeks to move the idea that this particular sinner is regarded by his monitor as a sinner "above all them that dwell in Jerusalem." The gentle invitation, "Come unto Me," such as our Lord would put into the mouth of His servant, becomes a sort of denunciatory warning, with a threat of judgment implied. True, the conscientious believer did not so mean it. But that is the very difficulty this article is intended to point



out. It is not the defect of the invitation, but of the *manner* in which it is given.

A young and able preacher of the Gospel was one evening occupying by invitation the pulpit of a distinguished clergyman in New York. The sermon was addressed to the impenitent, and was a clear and faithful exposition of the way of salvation through Christ, and an appeal to those not Christians to accept it. Later in the evening, the writer said to the Rector of the Church, "M—— gave your people a good sermon to-night," "Yes," was the reply, "but I could not help wishing that he had shown a little more of pleading love to souls out of Christ. The *way* in which he put the truth seemed all the time to say to some souls, 'You are on the road to eternal perdition, and I am glad of it.' " It was not the lack of the bread of life in that sermon. It was only that it was thrust upon the hearers in a manner that roused irritation and repugnance.

A minister accepts a call to a parish in which he is a stranger. The very first Sunday he is disgusted with the music. It is trifling in its character, or savors more of the opera than of the house of God. The touching and earnest words of the peroration of the new pastor's sermon are dissipated by a hymn sung to some tune which jars horribly on the preacher's sense of fitness of things. How powerful is the temptation to insist that as the guardian of the worship of the Church, the minister has absolute control of the musical part of it, as of the prayers and the preaching. Undoubtedly he has. But it is one of those rights which need to be asserted with gentleness and consideration for the taste and feelings of others. An assumption of authority in a dictatorial way, has split many a church on the question of its music, and driven out of it not only the choir, but a host of sympathizers with their wounded sense of justice and courtesy.

Nothing ought to be more valuable to a minister of Christ than a kindly and loving criticism of his preaching. Was it Mendelssohn or Beethoven who, after the public performance for the first time of a great musical composition, said, "I wish my friends would honestly tell me, not what they liked, but what they disliked?" A minister of Christ ought to be no more sensitive to criticism of a friendly kind than a musician. But there are some lay-members of the Church who see clearly the faults of a sermon, and do not hesitate to point them out with a severity and harshness that have crushed the spirit and well nigh broken the heart of the timid and inexperienced young clergyman, who had prayed that he might really "feed the flock of Christ." The criticism may have been perfectly just. It was the way and manner in which it was spoken that cut



like a sword. Can we not—ministers and laymen—learn a lesson from the Psalmist, "Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head."

Chicago, Ill.

#### FOR A PREFACE.

BY WARREN CHENEY.

I have stood shivering in November days—  
The sour November days that threatened frost—  
Watching the birds that, summer long, had crossed  
And crossed so oft my quiet garden ways,  
I knew and loved them as I did the rays  
Of sunshine there, wing southward until lost  
At the far, misty world brim, cloud embossed,  
Where summer still lay warm in drowsy haze.

They found the summer? That I do not know.  
Mayhap 'twas not for them—nor yet for these,  
My books. I only stand as they depart,  
Miss them and wait, not eager that they please,  
So much as wistful that they bring the glow  
Of lacking summer to some chilly heart.

#### IN THE LORD.

BY REV. ALEXANDER S. TAYLOR.

It is remarkable how often these three words appear in the epistles. They must have a peculiar value to Christians. They are exhorted to be "strong in the Lord;" to be "of one mind in the Lord;" to "rejoice in the Lord;" to "stand fast in the Lord."

What better watchword for 1911 than this: "Stand fast in the Lord?"

"When I fear my faith will fail,  
Christ will hold me fast;  
When the tempter would prevail,  
He can hold me fast."

The chemist who is able to discover a fast black that will not run, need do nothing else to provide a competence for himself. The fast part is the valuable part. The great thing for the Church of Jesus Christ in these days of vacillating doubt and rampant materialism and spiritism is to stand *fast*. We must choose the standing place. No wavering—no matter what the trial, no matter what tactics the enemy employs, no matter what inducements the world may offer to compromise the truth as it is in Jesus, we must stand fast in the Lord.



The Duke of Wellington knew the place where his stand was to be made long before Waterloo was fought. He chose it.

The stand means something definite. Martin Luther was by no means the only one who was expected to say: "Here I stand." Every Christian, as an integral part of the church militant, must make a stand personally in the Lord. This is the only safe place. Whatever the inducement held out, there is no absolute place of safety apart from "in the Lord."

The apostles stood unreservedly on the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

This is the rendezvous, here the banner is unfurled to the breeze. Here is the Captain and the equipment; here the saints must stand:

*"Ein feste berg ist unser Gott."*

"Did we in our own strength confide,  
Our striving would be losing—  
Were not the right man on our side,  
The man of God's own choosing.  
Dost ask, who that may be?  
Christ Jesus, it is He;  
His name Lord Sabaoth,  
Our Lord and Savior both,  
He shall our souls deliver."

In the Lord—our hope is in Him, our strength is in Him, our fight is in Him, our victory is in Him, our coronation is in Him, and only as we stand fast in Him can we be truly successful during this year.

Temptations will come to forsake the post of duty, to forget the orders of the King, to relax the vigilant watch for the King's coming; but the standing orders have been given out: "Stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved," and He will hold you fast.

Just look at these words once again, now let them be indelibly stamped on the tablets of your hearts, IN THE LORD.

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"Put your arms around me—

There, like that;  
I want a little petting  
At life's setting,  
For 'tis harder to be brave  
When feeble age comes creeping  
And finds me weeping;

Dear ones gone,  
Just a little petting  
At life's setting;  
For I'm old, alone, and tired  
And my long life's work is done."

*G. L. D., in Homiletic Review.*

# The Evangelical Episcopalian.

AN EXPONENT OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE REFORMED  
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## DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

ADOPTED DECEMBER 2, 1873.

### I.

The Reformed Episcopal Church, holding "the faith once delivered unto the saints," declares its belief in the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as the Word of God, and the sole rule of faith and practice; in the creed "commonly called the Apostles' Creed;" in the Divine institution of the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper; and in the doctrines of grace substantially as they are set forth in the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion.

### II.

This Church recognizes and adheres to Episcopacy, not as of Divine right, but as a very ancient and desirable form of Church polity.

### III.

This Church, retaining a Liturgy which shall not be imperative or repressive or freedom in prayer, accepts the Book of Common Prayer as it was revised, proposed and recommended for use by the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, A. D. 1785, reserving full liberty to alter, abridge, enlarge and amend the same, as may seem most conducive to the edification of the people, "provided that the substance of the faith be kept entire."

### IV.

This Church condemns and rejects the following erroneous and strange doctrines as contrary to God's Word:

*First.* That the Church of Christ exists only in one order or form of ecclesiastical polity.

*Second.* That Christian ministers are "priests" in another sense than that in which all believers are "a royal priesthood."

*Third.* That the Lord's Table is an altar on which the oblation of the Body and Blood of Christ is offered anew to the Father.

*Fourth.* That the presence of Christ in the Lord's Supper is a presence in the elements of bread and wine.

*Fifth.* That Regeneration is inseparably connected with Baptism.

## EDITORIAL.

MRS. C. EMMA CHENEY.

Sometimes a sunset scene has entranced the beholder with its pageantry of gold and crimson and purple as it filled the



western sky far upwards with its gorgeous splendor; and he has wondered if the "sea of glass mingled with fire" shall be able to present scenes of more exquisite loveliness. But the vision has faded and he has turned from his point of gaze with a chill feeling that the glory has departed. But stealing a last regretful look he has been once again enthralled by the after-glow. The grandeur of the closing day has given place to a quieter, yet equally perfect grace. The massive cloud-shapes which had caught and glorified the dying rays have settled into level forms through which there shimmers the opalescent pink and violet and tender green. And the onlooker cannot tell which held the keener beauty, the earlier or the second scene. To such quickly succeeding scenes of nature's blazonry of the heavens one can well liken two scenes witnessed in Christ Church, Chicago, within the last twelvemonth.

Just a year ago was celebrated there the golden jubilee of Bishop Cheney's pastorate in that church; and within a few days thereafter came the fiftieth anniversary of Bishop and Mrs. Cheney's wedding. The two festivals formed together one perfect whole, complete in unity and beauty. The twin celebration was for Mrs. Cheney the earlier splendor of the closing day. In her funeral, held in the very scene of jubilee and golden wedding day, was the counterpart of the later and more placid afterglow. And now the fiftieth anniversary and the burial service are blended in one sweet memory which makes us say, How fitting, how beautiful and blest!

Mrs. Cheney breathed her last on earth early on the morning of Wednesday, March 1. The funeral was set for Saturday afternoon, in order that the usual business half-holiday might afford quiet opportunity to her friends to pay their last respects. Like the day of the jubilee service, fifty-one weeks before, Saturday was of crystalline clearness, as if nature were again assisting at a triumph.

The whole chancel had been draped in black by the women of Christ Church; the family pew likewise. But against this sombre background had been banked by noontime such a wealth of flowers as only a mighty outpouring of love and sympathy could compass. It might have been a great statesman or general on whom such tribute was lavished. And



it told the story of the respectful pausing of a great city at the bier of one of its chief ornaments. And the throng which gathered presently was mutely eloquent too of heartiest devotion.

The service was of the simplest—the plain burial office. It was conducted by the Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D., co-adjutor-bishop with the Bishop Cheney and the Rev. Samuel M. Gibson, associate rector of Christ Church. The Rev. Thomas J. Mason, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Cleveland; was also in the chancel. Favorite hymns of Mrs. Cheney were sung: "Lead Kindly Light," and "How Firm a Foundation."

The active pall bearers were all young men who had been attached by years of friendship to Mrs. Cheney. They were: Mr. Edward Rich, Mr. Stanley Rich, Mr. George P. Putnam, Jr., Mr. Albert Crouch, Mr. Charles E. Brown, and Mr. Harold Keith. The honorary pall bearers were: Mr. William M. Alister, Mr. H. N. Higinbotham, Mr. Henry B. Fuller, Mr. James R. Owen, Mr. Benjamin W. Kendall, Mr. Henry C. Gray, Mr. Frederick W. Lotz, Mr. William B. Bradford, Mr. Edward E. Maxwell, Mr. Frederick J. Schroter, Mr. Reginald O. Miles, Mr. Charles E. Maxwell. All the arrangements were in charge of Mr. John Benham, a relative of Mrs. Cheney, and well known as for many years the superintendent of Christ Church Sunday School.

In Lake Forest Cemetery, in view of the mighty, sparkling waters, earth was given to earth and dust to dust. All that human sympathy and consideration could do had been done. The note throughout was of complete and peaceful triumph.

This "truth comes borne with bier and pall:" the conquest of mind over matter. If ever such conquest needed proof, that proof is furnished by a life like that of Mrs. Cheney. Always the frailest of the frail in body, her will and energy and sanctity of spirit surmounted all the lifelong trials and temptations of such weakness and brought to pass great victories. Her personal triumphs were many, as a later sketch of her achievements will make manifest, but we well know that she herself would loyally insist that her chiefest service was in being true yokefellow with her husband. Of what that meant to him in all the years of a strenuous life work Bishop Cheney has borne witness in words that were woven into the sub-



stance of his jubilee sermon of one year ago. In all that God has given him grace to accomplish she has borne her equally honored share.

Clara Emma Griswold was born near Akron, Ohio, January 7, 1837. Her father was one of the Connecticut Griswold stock, and through him she became one of the Society of Colonial Dames. Her mother being widowed was later married to Dr. Alexander Fisher in 1855. Dr. Fisher was then one of the leading practitioners in Chicago, and this brought the household to the busy city on the Lake. Miss Griswold was married in April, 1860, to the Rev. Charles Edward Cheney, who was just beginning his Chicago work. Of what she has been in the half century of her ideal companionship with him a hint has been given, and thousands hold in grateful recollection.

Mrs. Cheney's literary talent was marked and its fruiting is found in various contributions to leading magazines, in her work as a member of the Fortnightly of Chicago, in her stories "Number Forty-nine Tinkham Street" and "The Letters of Alice Jocelyn." She wrote also a "History of the Civil War for Young People." But the pen-work in which she took supreme delight was her editorial charge (unknown to most) of the monthly paper of the Reformed Episcopal Church, *The Evangelical Episcopalian*. When most women would have yielded unreservedly to physical weakness, she toiled on in her labor of love for the Church.

The sudden death, six months ago, of Dr. James Nevins Hyde, the husband of her sister, Alice Louise Griswold, was a severe shock to her. For forty years the two sisters and their husbands had shared the same roof, and the household intimacy was a sacred and beautiful thing. These two strings of the harp are broken, but the musicians surely live on amid the eternal harmonies, waiting till all the unities of life are restored and made perfect in the eternal light of God.

So the sweet life with its God-given fragrance has been transplanted to the more genial clime. One secret of the perennial freshness of its perfume was Mrs. Cheney's unconquerable will to keep young, and to maintain her intimacy with young people. She met the youth from college and from his early business triumphs, or the maid from her school and the young matron in her wedded joy on equal terms of



comradeship and could share and sympathize with them in it all. Recurring to a phrase already used, here was—ought we not rather to keep saying—is a supreme illustration of the control of the spirit over the body; of heaven over earth.

For all Thy saints who from their labors rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed!

Alleluia.

WM. FAIRLEY.

### MINISTERS AND THE LABOR PROBLEM.

How far ought the pulpit of our day to discuss the vexed question of the relations of capital and labor? The answer comes promptly from the reports which appear in every Monday's issue of the daily newspapers. There can be no doubt whatever that large numbers of the clergy of all the churches have settled the question to their own satisfaction, and have decided that the pulpit is the proper place to consider the intricate and difficult problems involved in the great and burning controversy of the hour. As a general rule these printed sermons reveal a conviction on the part of each preacher that he has discovered the remedy for social ills, and insists upon its adoption with a positiveness which at least evinces his absolute confidence in his own judgment. He fixes wages, hours of work and recreation, and handles, without gloves, the question of the "closed" or "open" shop, and the justifiability of strikes, lock-outs and boycotts.

We do not for a moment question the sincerity of these ministers. Some, it is true, may have been influenced by an unconscious desire to be "tribunes of the people," and to lead the van in a movement necessarily appealing to the public conscience. But, no doubt, most of them are men whose Christian sympathy has been roused by wrongs inflicted on the working classes—wrongs which they have themselves observed, or of which they have read reports—and which have impelled them to speak out. But this is precisely the point at which the preacher of the Gospel needs conservative caution. No careful student of the New Testament can find much encouragement in the example of the Lord Jesus Christ, or of the inspired leaders of the Apostolic Church, to make the Gospel pulpit



the place for this discussion. Christ positively refused to interfere between two quarreling brothers in the settlement of their conflicting claims to an inheritance. "Who made me," He asks, "a judge or a divider over you?" That refusal He immediately followed by a denunciation of covetousness, enforced by one of the most striking parables that He ever uttered. It seemed to say to His followers, "Strike at the root of the evil, and the poisonous leaves will wither and the deadly fruit perish." That incident was typical of His entire ministry. His teaching was always directed toward a change of heart and character by the Holy Spirit, with the assured certainty that the application to the details of life would inevitably follow.

The history contained in the Acts, and to be gathered from the letters of the Apostles to the early churches, shows how closely they followed in the footsteps of their Master. The spread of Christianity effected the most marvelous of reforms in social life. "It undermined slavery and serfdom; put an end to the horrible exposure of children; elevated woman to a new rank and influence; founded charities, and provided a more equitable distribution of wealth." But there is no evidence whatever in the New Testament that the Church of Apostolic days directly interfered in these details. It had its work to do in saving and sanctifying souls, and society, permeated by its influence, became a regenerated society.

It will not do to say that entirely different problems confront us from those presented by the state of things in the first century. Our social troubles are no peculiarity of the twentieth century. A recent valuable work, entitled "The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome," by Prof. William Stearns Davis of the University of Minnesota, affords abundant evidence of this fact. It reveals a condition of greed for money, of bribery and corruption in politics, of lavish extravagance in expenditures, of the tendency of the period to rate a man's worth by the amount of his accumulations, and of monopolies absorbing the profits of the different lines of trade and business—which compels one to ask, "Is there anything new under the sun?" Early Christianity met and conquered the very same obstacles that we recognize as in our way, but did not make them the staple topic of



either the preaching or the Epistolary Homilies which nurtured the infant Church of Christ. "Apostles and Evangelists, pastors and teachers" showed a sublime confidence that the way to work social reform was to bring the individuals, of whom society is only the aggregate, into vital oneness with Jesus Christ. It is at least questionable whether the modern tendency to employ the pulpit for exploiting social needs, is accomplishing more general good than the old way of St. Paul, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!"

In a contemporary journal we find quoted the warning—not of a capitalist—but of a railroad workingman, who comments as follows upon the declaration of a great ecclesiastical body that "the time has come when churches and ministers must speak their minds concerning particular problems now threatening society."

"The churches have always preached and acknowledged the principles of social justice, on a level, at any rate, with the times. What they now propose to do is to step down into the social arena and take sides. Once in the arena, there is no help for it. The minister must come out for the open shop, or against it. He must be socialist or anti-socialist. Sooner or later he must be female suffragist or anti-suffragist. He must come out for an eight-hour day or against it. Meanwhile, under these circumstances, his congregation being human, only a man miracle could retain his spiritual jurisdiction."

These are words of wisdom, and may well be pondered by those who would make churches and ministers to substitute social agitation for the saving of souls through the everlasting Gospel of the love of Christ.

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Everything we endure patiently is a key to something beautiful we could never enter otherwise.

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In a recent speech at Yale University, Governor Hughes of New York put his finger upon an ugly spot in American life—the ready habit of believing and spreading evil stories about men in public office. He pleaded with the students that those who go into journalism be fair with public men whom they criticize, although they comment freely upon the acts of such men. "A man who seeks profit in the sale of calumnies is the most despicable of human creatures," said the governor.—Youth's Companion.



## WORTH REPEATING.

### THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

BY NANNIE FULLER.

"Son, you are the head of the family while father's away; take care of mother and Baby Evelyn."

These good-bye words had placed Charles Wentzell, Jr., eight years old, in a position of trust. "Take care of mother and Baby Evelyn"—this he was sure he understood, but he wasn't so certain about "the head of the family."

"De head of anything," explained Henry, the colored man, as they were returning from the station, "is dat part of it which 'termines de movements of de rest of it, lak a hen with little chickens. She scratches to 'vide dem with food, and she watches to keep dem from harm. She's de head of dem chickens, de head of dat family."

"Oh!" exclaimed the little boy, "now I know. 'Cause she feeds them and takes care of them, she's head of the family. That's it—just to watch over the others."

Charley got out of the buggy and went into the school-house. He sat at his desk, his feet not reaching the floor; but he couldn't study. He was hearing over and over again in his father's voice, "Take care of mother and Baby Evelyn." "I will; I just have to," he said to himself, as if in reply.

By and by his teacher looked at him and asked, "Why don't you study?"

He swung himself to the floor and replied simply: "I'm head of the family now; my father's gone away, and I must take care of mother and Baby Evelyn. Father said so, and I've got to."

Without further words Charley left school, and ran home as fast as his little feet could take him, to prove himself the man he wished to be.

Baby Evelyn met him with a shout, and Charley caught her up in his arms and covered her face with kisses as he had so often seen his father do.

"Son, have you run away from school?" asked his mother. "You are not going to be naughty as soon as your father's out of sight are you?"

"I had to come, mother," replied the boy. "Father told me I was head of the family—to take care of you and Baby Evelyn. I told teacher about it."

He made the rounds of the house to satisfy himself that things were right; then he went to the barn to find Henry and



to look after the horses. The yard was a terrace, and the wall that led down to the garden where Henry was, was grass-covered, smooth and soft as velvet. Charley stretched himself along the upper edge of the bank, patted the grass lovingly, and then, giving himself a start, rolled gleefully down. This he did again and again, until Henry called to him: "Hello, Master Charley! What are y' doin' home dis time of day?"

Charley arose, confused, feeling that disgrace was about to settle on him, the head of the family. He bit his lips, scowled, swallowed a knot in his throat, and then said evasively:

"Say, Henry, do you think father would ever have rolled down that bank as I did just now?"

"I'm sure I don't know about de boss; but it seems to me a king wouldn't wish to do better."

But Charley resolved to be more on guard in the future.

His courage up again, he walked about the garden in great dignity, with his hands crossed behind him, whistling as he had seen his father do when not wishing to talk. He avoided toys, and old dog Trusty missed his playmate.

The night brought another problem to Charley. How was he, as head of the family, ever going to kneel with Baby Evelyn and repeat with her the little old prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"I can't do it; I just can't say that prayer tonight," he declared. "You know, mother, father wouldn't pray that baby prayer; he makes his own prayers. Please leave me alone, and I'll make mine."

He ran across the room to his little bed near the window, and, falling on his knees, said with much earnestness: "Mighty God, father is not here; he said I was head of the family while he was gone. Please, O 'Mighty God, make me strong like father! You take care of me, and I will look out for mother and Baby Evelyn. Amen."

Mrs. Wentzell did not quite understand the strangeness of her little boy, but she did not question him, and left him free to carry out his own ideas.

Charley was not much inclined to sleep. With darkness there had come some thought of goblins, and he had snuggled himself up closely among the pillows and covers. "But," thought he, "this is foolish. Father says goblins are not real live creatures, that they are just made to put in story books." His mind then turned on burglars. "They can't get in here, though," he continued; "our doors are all locked and bolted." And then, having thus assured himself of safety from the only two sources of danger he knew, he drifted off to sleepyland, but his sleepyland was a place where he was still watchful.



Before midnight something unusual had occurred which disturbed him. He sat up in bed, half-asleep. Evelyn was whimpering and coughing; a bright light was shining through the transome, and the air was heavy with smoke. There was a sound like the rumbling of thunder.

"The house is on fire," flashed through his mind. His heart stood still; his throat ached, and tears were pricking his eyelids. "Oh, what shall I do?" thought the little boy.

Just then he seemed to hear in that loved voice: "Son, you are the head of the family while father's away; take care of mother and Baby Evelyn." "I've got to," Charley said. "Oh, I've got to!"

He sprang to the floor and was by his mother in an instant, shaking her with all his strength and exclaiming: "Mother, mother, the house is burning up. We can't get out at the door; it's too late. Get Evelyn and run to the window."

He almost flew to the closet and brought out a rope; he tied one end to his bed, and threw the rest of it down the side of the house to the ground.

"What are you going to do?" exclaimed the mother. "We shall be burned to death! Oh, we shall be burned to death!"

"No, mother, I'll take care of you and Evelyn," he said encouragingly, trying the knot. "That's safe. I'm going down the rope. Put Evelyn on my back. Now, sister, hug brother round the neck; hold tight, we're going down the rope. Mother, I'll be back for you in a minute. Stay by the window."

With the agility of a squirrel, and quietly, except for loving words to Baby Evelyn, the boy went down the rope. He saw Henry in the yard and shouted to him: "The ladder, Henry, the long ladder by the cherry tree! Run, Henry! The smoke is choking mother to death. There, put it up to the window. I'll go after her. You take care of Evelyn."

He climbed the ladder with flying feet. When he reached his mother she was almost suffocated. It seemed an age before he could get her through the window and safely started down. Then he grasped the rope again, and kept beside his mother, cheering her along: "You can do it—you can climb down the ladder—go as fast as you can—we'll soon be safe. Henry has Evelyn."

Henry met them at the foot of the ladder, and led Mrs. Wentzell to a place of safety, some distance from the burning house, where he had left Baby Evelyn. She clasped the baby in her arms and sank sobbing on the grass.

Charley was watching the burning house. "See, mother!" he called out. "There goes the roof, and the flames have filled the windows!"



Charley's work was done, but his hands were bleeding where the rough rope had cut. He held them up to his mother, and the brave boy who had proved himself so faithful to a trust, cried hard, with his face in his mother's lap.

After a time good old colored Henry came along and picked up the little fellow in his arms and hugged him. He kissed the grimy, bloody little fingers and exclaimed: "Charley boy is a great soldier—a captain!"

Charley wriggled to his feet in disgust, and declared vigorously: "I'm Charles Wentzell, Jr., eight years old—the head of the family while father's away."—The Continent.

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### STAINS.

The three ghosts on the lonesome road  
 Spake each to one another,  
 "Whence came that stain about your mouth  
 No lifted hand may cover?"  
 "From eating of forbidden fruit,  
 Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the sunless road  
 Spake each to one another,  
 "Whence came that red burn on your foot  
 No dust nor ash may cover?"  
 "I stamped a neighbour's hearth-flame out,  
 Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the windless road  
 Spake each to one another,  
 "Whence came that blood upon your hand  
 No other hand may cover?"  
 "From breaking of a woman's heart,  
 Brother, my brother."

"Yet on the earth clean men we walked,  
 Glutton and Thief and Lover;  
 White flesh and fair it hid our stains  
 That no man might discover."  
 "Naked the soul goes up to God,  
 Brother, my brother."

—Selected.

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I would not have thee otherwise  
 Than what thou still must be;  
 Yea, thou art God, and what thou art  
 Is ever best for me.  
 And so, for all my sighs, my heart  
 Doth sing itself to rest,  
 O Love Divine, most far and near,  
 Upon thy tender breast.—*J. W. Chadwick*

## L'ENVOI.

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted  
and dried,  
When the oldest colors have faded and the youngest critic has  
died  
We shall rest, and faith we shall need it—lie down for an æon  
or two,  
Till the Master of all good workmen shall set us to work  
anew!

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden  
chair;  
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of camel's  
hair;  
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and  
Paul;  
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at  
all!

And only the Master shall praise us and only the Master shall  
blame,  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for  
fame;  
But each for the joy of the working and each in his separate  
star  
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they  
are!  
—Rudyard Kipling.

The true disciple of Jesus needs not to forget himself in  
order to be cheerful in his very innermost soul; for the source  
of his happiness is not in the outward world, but within  
himself.—Zschokke.

## JUST A WORD HELPS.

A young girl was passing an aged aunt one day when she  
suddenly stopped, laid her hand gently on the white head, and  
said: "How pretty your hair is, Aunt Mary!"

The simple words brought a quick flush of pleasure to the  
wrinkled face, and there was a joyous quiver in the brief ac-  
knowledgment of the spontaneous little courtesy.

A young man once said to his mother: "You ought to  
have seen Aunt Esther to-day when I remarked, 'What a pretty  
dress you have on, and how nice you look in it!' She almost  
cried, she was so pleased. I hadn't thought before that such a  
little thing would please her so."

"I never expect to eat any cookies as good as those you used  
to make, mother," said a bearded man one day, and he was  
shocked when he saw her evident delight in his words; for he  
remembered that he had not thought to speak before for years  
of any of the thousand comforts and pleasures with which her  
skill and love had filled his boyhood.—The Young Evangelist.



## HOW OLD MUST I BE?

"Mother," a little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you; I do now, and I always shall. But you have not told me how old I shall have to be."

The mother replied: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered; "but tell me what I want to know," and she put her arms about her mother's neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing older."

Her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, darling, without waiting to be older. Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered: "Yes." Then they both knelt down, and in her prayer the mother gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be his.—Selected.

## IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,

If we had but a day;

We should drink alone at the purest springs

In our upward way;

We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,

If the hours were few;

We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power

To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills

By the clearest light;

We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,

If they lay in sight;

We should trample the pride and the discontent

Beneath our feet;

We should take whatever a good God sent,

With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret,

If the day were but one;

If what we remember and what we forget

Went out with the sun;

We should be from our clamorous selves set free,

To work or to pray,

And to be what the Father would have us to be,

If we had but a day.

—Mary Löwe Dickinson.

## THE WAY TO HELP.

"There is no way of helping men but by bearing what they bear. No man will lighten a sorrow of which he has not himself felt the pressure. The saviors of society have still to be crucified. Jesus Christ would never have been the Lamb of God that bore away the sins of the world unless He Himself 'had taken our infirmities and borne our sicknesses.' No work of healing will be done except by those whose hearts have bled with the feeling of the miseries which they have set themselves to cure. You must take blind beggars by the hand if you are going to make them see; and you must not be afraid to lay your white, clean fingers upon the feculent masses of corruption in the leper's glistening whiteness, if you are going to make him whole. Go down in order to lift, and remember that without sympathy there is no sufficient help, and without communion with Christ there is no sympathy."—Alexander McLaren.

Genuine greatness is marked by simplicity, unostentatiousness, self-forgetfulness, a hearty interest in others, a feeling of brotherhood with the human family.—Channing.

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## CHURCH NEWS.

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## NOTICE.

By a unanimous vote of the General Committee of the General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church notice is herewith given, in accordance with section 2, article 4 of the constitution, that the Twentieth General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church will convene on the third Wednesday of May, in the year 1912, at Christ Memorial Church, Forty-third and Chestnut streets, West Philadelphia, Pa.

SAMUEL FALLOWS,  
President and Presiding Bishop.  
CHAS. F. HENDRICKS,  
Secretary.

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## BALTIMORE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE.

"For several years we have not had such a good attendance at the Conference," said the new president. Bishop Cummins' Memorial Church was filled at both afternoon and evening sessions. Miss Lucy Latané, the missionary secretary, furnished us with a missionary number of unusual interest, when Miss Constance Maya Das of India, a beautiful young woman, now student at Goucher College, delivered a stirring



yet pathetic address on the customs of India. She stirred our hearts to added devotion to the cause of the Master in India.

The reports of the parishes showed that Redeemer Church, Rev. Duane Wevill, led us in missionary activity, having several mission-study classes, large offerings, and both laymen and women organized for effective foreign missionary effort.

The Emmanuel Church, Rev. W. T. Way, leads us in having the largest Sunday School and in a healthy activity among the young people. The Rector is conducting a boys' club of great promise.

Bishop Cummins' Memorial Church, Rev. Joseph H. Cudlipp, showed remarkable activity, having just finished improvements costing over thirteen hundred dollars, with all bills paid, including a new steam-heating plant and a remodeled Sunday School room. The offerings of this Sunday School average ten cents per scholar per Sunday, the Rector's class of boys alone contributing one hundred dollars in class offerings during the year. The average per capita offering during December last was thirteen cents. This includes primary and beginners' departments. The Boys' Brigade of the church has sixty members, with a full-fledged brass band of thirty members.

It was a pleasing feature of the afternoon session that, in the enforced absence of the president, Mr. John L. Meade, the Conference called to the chair our brother, Mr. Walter T. Jackson, who represented our new R. E. parish at Havre de Grace. While the Nominating Committee was considering its report, Mr. Jackson told the interesting story of the formation of Grace Church, and that the vestry had called Rev. F. H. Reynolds as Rector. We have since been informed that the call has been accepted.

We were thrilled at the time, and the thrill still lingers whenever we think of the Conference address by Rev. W. A. Freemantle, D. D., of St. Luke's Church, Frankford, Philadelphia, and we think of it often. He sounded fine keynotes for a successful church. It was a vision and a tonic rolled in one, and we will ever be grateful to our brother editor of the *Episcopal Recorder* for his timely and inspiring message.

The ladies of Bishop Cummins' Memorial Church piled the tables high with good things, and pretty girls tripped about with smoking coffee and good cheer. Then, when we had eaten well, the enthusiastic hosts conducted us about the building, showing the many improvements and furnishings, which, by everyone doing his part, were all paid for.

Well, we go next year to Emmanuel Church, and, while the standard of 1911 has been set rather high, the Emmanuel people are setting to work with a will and a smile.

## THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE.

The annual meeting of the Young People's Conference of the Reformed Episcopal Churches of Chicago and vicinity was held in St. Paul's Church on Washington's Birthday, February 22. The afternoon session began at 3:30 o'clock, and after opening prayer and hymns, Rev. H. A. Lepper of Trinity Church made the address of welcome, which Bishop Fallows was to have given, but was unable to be with us at that time. Mr. Lepper made us all feel at home and we know Bishop Fallows would have seconded heartily all that Mr. Lepper said to us.

The main feature of the afternoon meeting was a lecture, or address, by Rev. S. M. Gibson on "The Special Missionary Jurisdiction of the South." The address was exceedingly interesting, and after the sun had disappeared, we had the views thrown on the screen by means of the stereopticon. These views were loaned to us by Bishop Rudolph and portrayed to the eye the great work which has been done, and the great work which is to be done in the sunny South. Those who were fortunate enough to attend the afternoon meeting felt amply repaid by Mr. Gibson's address. Some of us must confess the work done is a revelation to us.

From 5:30 until 7:30 the time was devoted to the social hour and to supper. In the evening Bishop Cheney addressed us on the subject, "The Reformed Episcopal Church and What the Young People Can Do to Advance Its Interests." It has been said Bishop Cheney never preaches a sermon without bringing home to his hearers some sin of commission or omission, and he certainly did not fail to point out to us where we are allowing opportunities to slip by us for the upbuilding of our Church. No one could better have been chosen for this address than the Bishop, to whom our Church is so dear, and for which he has sacrificed so much.

If it is possible, we hope this address may be printed, so that those who were not at the conference may have the privilege of reading it.

The executive committee looks forward to a year of more definite work during the next twelve months. It is hoped that the work in the South will receive the consideration which Mr. Gibson urged us to give it. Earnest, prayerful work on the part of everybody will accomplish marked results, and it is anticipated that everyone will respond to the best of his, or her, ability to the calls made upon them by the executive committee, upon whom rests the responsibility of the work.



## A FORWARD MOVEMENT IN THE SYNOD OF NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

The Day of Prayer, for colleges, etc., was observed as usual in our Seminary, but I am not overstating the facts when I say it was never observed with better immediate results, or with greater promise of lasting benefits. At the close of the day a meeting was held in Christ Memorial Church, to which were invited the clergy and their wives, the vestries of our parishes and their wives, together with a few of the officers of the Synod of New York and Philadelphia. The responses to the invitation were all that could be desired, and the meeting a signal success. In order to further the purpose of the meeting (a forward movement) and to conserve the benefits gained by the gathering, it was unanimously resolved to form a Reformed Episcopal Social Union, and a temporary chairman, secretary and committee were appointed, to draft constitution and by-laws, and to report at a meeting to be held in the Church of the Redeemer, February 27.

On Monday evening, February 27, the parlors of the above Church were comfortably filled, and the organization was completed by the election of permanent officers and the adoption of a constitution and by-laws. The following were unanimously chosen to fill the various offices:

President—Mr. William Gibson.

Vice-Presidents—The Senior Wardens of the Parishes composing the Union.

Treasurer—Mr. H. W. Heinkel.

Secretary—Mr. J. C. Koenig.

Chairman of Lookout Committee—Bishop Rudolph, D. D.

Chairman of Membership Committee—Rev. W. Tracy, D. D.

Chairman of Reception Committee—Rev. A. E. Barnett.

The object of the Union is to encourage among the parishes a more friendly and intimate acquaintance, to secure concert of action, and to promote the general interest of the Reformed Episcopal Church in the Synod of New York and Philadelphia. Sixty members joined the Union at the first meeting, and it is confidently expected that before the next meeting in April, a membership of two hundred will be secured. With this combined, and enthusiastic membership, we look to the future confidently. It has been, perhaps, the most signal lack in our communion in the past, and we have suffered in consequence. Each parish has been loyal and energetic in the work in its own borders, and our history is not without its charm, but union will mean strength in our wider field.

and its reflex influence will be felt in the home field and activity. Bishop Rudolph, who suggested the movement, has entered into it very heartily, and given most valuable aid in bringing it to its healthy condition by his wise counsel and enthusiastic, untiring co-operation.

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*Christ Church, Chicago.*

*Rt. Rev. Charles Edward Cheney, D. D., Rector.*

*Rev. Samuel Martin Gibson, Associate Rector.*

The Lent services have begun with an unusual interest as manifested by the attendance. On Ash-Wednesday, for the first time in many years we missed the presence of Bishop Cheney; but all hearts were full of tender sympathy in the great sorrow which that morning had shadowed his home. The fervent intercessions of the congregation were answered in the God-given strength which enabled the bishop to participate in the communion on the first Lenten Sunday, and to fill his regular appointments for the week-day services.

Earlier mention of another sad bereavement which this parish has suffered was prevented by the last illness of Mrs. Cheney, who would have felt it a privilege and duty to bear her editorial testimony to one whom both she and all Christ Church loved.

On the 12th of January all that was mortal of Miss Elinor Tobey was tenderly laid to rest in the family lot at Rosehill. When many years ago Miss Tobey became a member of Christ Church, she was surrounded by an unusually large circle of kindred. She had lived to see her father and mother, brothers and sisters pass away; and yet through repeated family afflictions, the childlike and clinging trust which was the dominant feature of her religion, not only sustained her, but made her an example of cheerfulness amidst outward circumstances of deep distress. No murmur ever passed her lips. Christ seemed to have fulfilled in her in a rare degree the promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Our Sunday-school has few more useful teachers than some, who received their first impulse to consecrate themselves to this blessed work when they were pupils in the Bible-class which Miss Tobey taught. Gentle, affectionate, and self-sacrificing; she blessed and hallowed the home of a brother during her later years, and to him the hearts of the multitude, among rich and poor alike, go out in sympathy in his sorrow.



*Emmanuel Church, Baltimore, Md.**Rev. William T. Way, A. M., Rector.*

On Sunday, February 19, this parish celebrated the 35th anniversary of its organization, and also the 18th anniversary of rectorship of Rev. William T. Way. At the morning service the rector preached a truly Reformed Episcopal sermon, setting forth the reasons of the separation from the Mother Church. There was a large congregation present. At the evening service we had the pleasure of having with us Rev. Dr. Tracy of Christ Memorial Church, Philadelphia, who took as his text, "What Is That in Thine Hand?" Dr. Tracy has a large circle of friends in Baltimore and they turned out loyally at the service. The congregation numbered 500. There was special music at both services. The Willing Workers presented the rector with a bunch of 18 roses.

When the Rev. William T. Way came to Emmanuel he found us worshipping in a frame chapel and burdened with a debt of \$1,500. He got to work and in October, 1893, the cornerstone of the stone church was laid, and in April, 1894, the church was dedicated by the late beloved Bishop Latane, assisted by Dr. Tracy. To-day the church is free of debt and holds a property valued at \$15,000.

The Lenten services Wednesday and Friday are well attended, with a different speaker each night. On Monday afternoons at 4 o'clock there is a Lenten service for the children. All the various departments of church work are actively engaged.

G. R. P.

*Church of Our Lord, Victoria, British Columbia.**Rev. Thos. W. Gladstone, Rector.*

The Church of our Lord is looking forward prayerfully and hopefully to a profitable and spiritual Lenten season.

The Rev. Mr. Gladstone has issued a Lent letter, containing the announcement of the special services for the coming forty days. In addition to his scheme of topics, the rector has appealed for faithful attendance, self-examination, and renewed consecration to the Master's work. The request for prayer, in the following words, is one which might well be heeded in all our churches, and, if truly adopted by all our members, would bring blessing in its train:

"May I ask you, with your personal prayers, to remember also this Church in all its agencies, and him who ministers to you in holy things, and who is feeling very deeply his need of all the spiritual help that God gives in answer to prayer?"

*Church of the Epiphany, Cleveland, Ohio.**Rev. Thomas J. Mason, Rector.*

If we have been silent, apparently, to our friends at a distance, it is not because the church in Cleveland has been at a standstill. Previous to Ash Wednesday we had much to occupy our time. The annual dinner of the men of the parish was a very pleasant affair. The dinner was served by the Ladies' Guild. This was followed by an informal illustrated talk by Mr. Wright, the religious editor of the *Leader*, on "How to Make a Newspaper." It was interesting, and at the same time instructive. There are also vocal selections by Mr. Agnew, and also by our Senior Warden, Mr. Van Epps. The Young People's Literary and Social Club had a Valentine party one evening, and under their auspices, on the evening of February 20, a lecture was given by the Rev. Dr. Meldrum, of the Old Stone Church, on "Scotland and the Scotch." Himself a Scotchman, Dr. Meldrum knew by actual experience the country and the people, with their many peculiarities and, at the same time, sterling qualities, which he described in his inimitable manner.

Forty-one was the number from this church that left on a special car the 22d of February to go to Ashtabula for the Conference, which met at Trinity Church. It is not out of place here to say that hospitality in its truest sense is always dispensed by the members of our church in Ashtabula, and this year was no exception to the rule. The day was delightful. But many who usually have gone from Cleveland were prevented by illness, of which Epiphany Church has had more than its usual share this winter.

The social features of the church have not overshadowed the serious side of the work. Our Rector has had much to cheer him in the increasing attendance at the evening services—no special attraction to entice the people to come—nothing but the simple service and the gospel preached, which seems to be what some people want, though the secular press may intimate the contrary. The Ash Wednesday gathering in the morning was the largest we have had for a number of years. After the service the Ladies' Guild had their weekly meeting, and it was there that the sad word came that our beloved Bishop was passing through his great sorrow. To those of us who had known Mrs. Cheney ever since the first visit which the Bishop and Mrs. Cheney made to our parish, over twenty-two years ago, the shock was great. We felt that we had lost one whom we loved and honored, and our hearts went out in sympathy to our Bishop and his household. At the service in the evening

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Mr. Mason referred in a very touching manner to the beautiful life and character of Mrs. Cheney, as also at the service Sunday morning.

The aged mother of Mr. Le Quesne passed away in her sleep on Friday, the 3d. Mrs. Le Quesne was in her eighty-seventh year, but was old only in years. Her son, who was devoted to his mother, will greatly miss her.

We are hoping in the near future to have an orchestra in the Sunday School, having already secured a violin and cornet. The scholars are again trying to secure a mile of pennies. Last year we were not quite equal to it, but the amount was very encouraging. This year we hope to accomplish more. Several of our teachers have been on the sick list, but now that the hardest part of the winter is over, we may expect the absent ones will soon be back in their classes.

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*St. Paul's Church, Put-in Bay, Ohio.*

*Rev. J. Field Speel, Rector.*

Only a few more weeks and the boats will again be running regularly between here and mainland. The ice has about all gone and for several weeks a small tug has been running, as best it was able, back and forth from Sandusky. This is the earliest that traffic has opened up for many years. Usually no steamer even tries to come before the middle of March, and then the ice has to be broken all the way over, but this year, although we may have some heavy weather, there probably will be no further difficulty with the ice.

The entertainment, of which we spoke in our last letter, was a great success, both financially and artistically. The young folks studied their parts well, and when the 28th of February came, the beautiful stage of the town hall was fitted with some newly-painted scenery, made especially for "The Heiress," which they presented, and the audience proved their appreciation by their applause and their loyalty to us by paying admissions which amounted to over forty-eight dollars.

Special services for the Lenten season have been arranged for Wednesday evening and Friday afternoon. Self-denial envelopes have also been issued to every person in the parish who will accept them, on which are printed these words: "MY AIM—To contribute at least one penny a day, which I have earned or saved by self-denial that day, to help in building up the Kingdom of God." The envelopes are to be handed in on Easter Day, and the holders may state whether they wish their contributions to go toward foreign or home work.

Above all things, however, this month, for the people of the Island and for the Church as well, is the fact that the

United States Congress has passed the Perry Centennial bill, appropriating \$250,000 for the erection of a suitable memorial and the conducting of a centennial exhibition of the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813. This practically assures the success of the project upon which the Islanders have been building their hopes for some time past, and means increased activity and financial betterment in all lines, and the Church cannot fail to reap the benefit also.

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*St. Paul's Church, Chicago.*

*Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D., Rector.*

Preceding the Lenten season, the various organizations of the church were very active in one way or another. Early in February the ladies were called upon to serve luncheons for their neighbors in the Adams Street Evangelical Church. A most important conference was going on there—none other than a commission to arrange for the reuniting of the two wings of that denomination. The separation occurred some fourteen years ago and Bishop Fallows was one of those who tried to bring the two divisions together, but without avail. The commission, which held all its sessions save one in the Evangelical Church, took luncheon and supper with our ladies for three days. The most important meeting of the conference was held at St. Paul's, eight Bishops being present.

Through the courtesy and great kindness of Mrs. Laura Dainty Pelham and Miss Pearl Mitchell, we enjoyed a great treat. Mrs. Pelham gave an evening with James Whitcomb Riley in a most sympathetic manner, and Miss Mitchell charmed her audience with her artistic cornet solos. The proceeds of the entertainment were for the organ fund.

It was a great pleasure to all to greet the members of the Young People's Conference on Washington's Birthday, and it is a great satisfaction to know that our church and chapel seem homelike to the friends from the other churches.

The same week with the Conference the Rev. Mr. Taylor of St. Mark's Church gave an excellent lecture on "Imitations" for the benefit of the Boys' Brigade. Again, a few days later, the chapel was the scene of another meeting. The Sunday school district in which our church is located held a conference in the neighboring church, and the Sunday School of St. Paul's served supper for about one hundred who came right from business to attend the excellent meeting which had been planned.

It is a great pleasure for us to have Mr. Buckingham assist the Bishop at the Sunday services and take an active interest in the Sunday School.



The Lenten season began with morning and evening services on Ash Wednesday, and will continue in the Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday evening meetings, in charge of the Bishop. A class for confirmation meets at the close of these services, the Bishop conducting the class himself.

The 23d of February Mr. George A. Touzalin, a member of the vestry, died at Pasadena. The news came as a great shock to most of his friends, as Mr. Touzalin had left Chicago apparently in good health, going to California with his wife and sister for pleasure. The sympathy of a host of friends goes out to the stricken family. Following so closely upon the death of Mr. H. C. Odell, our Senior Warden, St. Paul's Church has sustained a great loss in its vestry.

St. Paul's Church, too, mourns, as a body, and as individuals, with Christ Church, and the entire denomination, in the loss of Mrs. Cheney. Her influence has been such a potent factor in the history of the church that she will be greatly missed. And we, as a church, wish to extend our sympathy in the great loss which has come to Bishop Cheney and to Christ Church.

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*Christ Memorial Church, Philadelphia.*

*Rev. William Tracy, D. D., Rector.*

Christ Memorial Church is issuing a weekly leaflet during Lent, giving the particulars of the special services each week, with an earnest invitation to strangers to participate in them. Seven hundred and fifty are distributed weekly in the vicinity of the Church by the young men of the parish. Dr. Tracy is giving a series of sermons on Sunday mornings on St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians; and in the evenings on "The Book of Esther in Sermon and Song." On Tuesdays, at 5 o'clock, the general topic is, "Some Glorious Certainties." On Wednesday evenings, the following visiting clergymen will preach: March 15, Rev. W. Oakford; March 22, Rev. Dr. Dager; March 29, Bishop Rudolph; April 5, Rev. Dr. Collins; April 12, Rev. A. E. Barnett.

Thursday, March 9, Bishop Rudolph conducted in Christ Memorial a Union service, when Rev. A. E. Barnett of the Church of Our Redeemer preached an excellent sermon. Nine of our clergy occupied the chancel with the Bishop. These Union services will continue during Lent, visiting our various parishes week by week.

During Lent, Mrs. W. H. Allen will conduct a mission study class under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.



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Isaac Watt has said:

"Were I so tall as to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
I must be measured by my soul;  
The mind is the standard of the man."

"Strong Son of God, immortal love,  
Whom we, who have not seen Thy face,  
By faith and faith alone embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove.

"Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest, manhood Thou;  
Our wills are, we know not how;  
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine."

Prayer has won its victories on the battlefield of sorrow, trial and temptation, where the fighting has been greater than at Inkerman, Austerlitz or Waterloo.—Rev. J. G. Beauchamp.



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*Earl of Chesterfield.*

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**BUILDING** commodious, modern. Students' apartments neatly furnished.

**ADMISSION.** While the Seminary was founded by and for the Reformed Episcopal Church primarily, all its advantages are offered on equal terms to young men of other Christian Churches.

**CURRICULUM** designed to meet the requirements of modern pastoral service.

**FACULTY** of four Professors. Special lectures.

Address all Correspondence to **Joseph D. Wilson, D. D.,** Dean of the Faculty

To be despised may be no ill-fortune, but the real ill-fortune is to be despicable.—John Ruskin.

You cannot dream yourself into character; you must hammer and forge yourself into one.—Froude.